Rhode Island Historical Society Collections

Vol. XXVII JULY, 1934 No. 3

GOVERNOR JOSEPH JENCKES

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RHODE ISLAND HISTORICAL SOCIETY

COLLECTIONS

VOL. XXVII JULY, 1934 No. 3

H. ANTHONY DYER, *President* GILBERT A. HARRINGTON, *Treasurer*
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The Society assumes no responsibility for the statements or the opinions of contributors.

Portrait of Governor Jenckes

The original oil portrait of Governor Joseph Jenckes, which was painted by Smibert in 1729, was recently acquired by Mr. Millard H. Jencks of New York, through whose courtesy, it is reproduced on the cover of this issue of the COLLECTIONS.

Mr. Jencks writes: "The picture is signed at right, 'J. Smibert, fecit' and dated 1729. On the back of the portrait is a piece of old tape on which is written:

'Joseph Jenckes, aetitis 73—given by
him unto Governor Ward.'

"It appears that the portrait was in the collection of Governor Richard Ward of Rhode Island for a number of years and subsequently in the collection of Mary S. Ward, descendant of Governor Ward. It was subsequently purchased for the Burlingham collection of early American portraits. I do not have the date on which this purchase was made. The portrait was exhibited at the Gallery of National Portraiture, Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, Philadelphia 1926."

Providence in Civil War Days*

By THEODORE COLLIER

No son of Rhode Island should need to be reminded that to his State belongs the distinction of having been the first of the States to step forward for the defense of the National Government. Early in 1861, three months before Ft. Sumter was fired upon, Governor Sprague offered the services of the militia for the protection of the Capital. Although assured that there was no occasion for the employment of troops, the Governor renewed the offer, through Major Goddard, who went to Washington, where he had an interview with General Scott. "I wish I had those fellows," said the gray hero of the Mexican war; "I know the stuff they are made of. In the war of 1812 I commanded all the New England troops, and I must say that for bravery, for resolute endurance of fatigue and privation, for steadiness under trials, for high personal character, in fact for all the qualities which make a good soldier, the soldiers of the regiment composed chiefly of Rhode Island men were the very best troops I commanded."

General Scott, however, was not free to act according to his judgment of the necessities of the situation. But when the time for action did come, Rhode Island gave ample proof that the boys of '61 were not unworthy of their sires of 1812.

The attack on Ft. Sumter, April 12, 1861, had but one meaning, War! "The issue is joined," wrote the editor of the *Journal;* "there is no longer any neutral ground." The news brought Rhode Island to her feet. The Assembly was at once convened in extra session; the Governor offered the State's troops to the Government again anticipating the President's call for volunteers. Col. Burnside tendered his services to the State; the General Assembly voted $500,000

*A paper read before The Review Club, February 9, 1918.

to fit out the troops; the banks came forward with loans; a quarter of a million was subscribed in a day; within a month the sum had risen to half a million. The various military companies of the city, the First Light Infantry, the National Cadets, the Providence Artillery, the Marine Artillery, the Mechanics Rifles and others, opened their lists for recruits. A meeting was called at the Armory; the crowd filled the place and overflowed into the street; the Governor spoke, "He would go himself, with a thousand men," tremendous enthusiasm; 75 men volunteered on the spot; before next sunset, 115 more. And that was but one company. The scene was being repeated in a score of places. Everywhere meetings; everywhere impassioned orators pressing the claims of country and the one duty of the hour. Drum and trumpet took up the refrain; the chimes of Grace Church caught the martial note and flung it out, to be borne on the wind through all the country side. And thus to the call of bell and bugle, with quick-beating heart, but with set face, Rhode Island fell into line.

Major Burnside's offer of service having been accepted, he received command of the First Rhode Island Volunteers. Regimental headquarters were established, in Broad Street, and rapidly the ranks were filled.

The 17th day was a day of patriotic demonstrations. The city was bedecked with flags; volunteering was brisk; many out-of-town military organizations came up; there was a parade, and a general inspection at the armories. The war-fever was running high; everyone was infected, but the young took it hardest. The High School pupils ran up a banner inscribed "Young America"; the Brown Freshmen held a meeting, and, after the customary "whereases" formally resolved that they approved of the policy of the President and that their hearts beat with patriotic sympathy toward those of their classmates who had already enlisted. At five o'clock the whole college gathered to unfurl Old Glory over University Hall, and to listen to the stirring words of President Sears, Bishop Clark, Dr. Hall, Dr. Caldwell, and Governor Dyer.

That was the beginning of flag-raising. Thereafter not a day passed without its flag-raising, until, it would seem, every school and church and place of business had shown its colors. A great staff, 140 feet high, was erected at the junction of Broad and High Streets, and a flag run up by a patriarch who was a lad of twelve when Betsy Ross stitched the first Stars and Stripes. Another staff was set up at the east end of India Bridge, and dedicated by Bishop Clark. But high above them all floated the flag from the steeple of the First Baptist Meeting House, 180 feet from the ground.

Then, as now, prices went up with the flags. From $5 they jumped to nearly $30,—all the fault of England, said some, because she has a corner on bunting.

"Old men and children; young men and maidens;" but where were the women? Sewing, sisters, sewing! For there was work to be done. Our boys must be fitted out; not in olive drab, called for by the regulations and provided by the Government; but more gaily appareled, in gray and blue, gray for the pantaloons, blue for the tunic; and a black felt hat, trimmed with a cockade and crowned with a feather. The materials for the tunics were to be found at the store of H. A. Prescott, and the ladies were asked to call at once, for "the work must be done by tonight;" so ran the notice. And as if to challenge northern pride and incite to more strenuous exertion, this urgent appeal was followed by a news item to the effect that the Rebels had already made "two breaches in Ft. Sumter."

The honor of the State was in the hands of its daughters; and it was safe. A thousand tunics given out one day; 300 finished garments returned by noon of the next! How the needles must have flown! It was an achievement worthy of the city already famous as the home of the Wilcox and Gibbs. Indeed, there was not work enough to go around. But the willingness of every volunteer was counted to her for patriotism, and bandages and blankets soon found occupation for hands that could not be employed on tunics. With just pride might the *Journal* exclaim, "The patriotic spirit of our Grandmothers had not died out."

"Old men for counsel; young men for war," runs the proverb; which, translated into the feminine, means, "Matrons for tunics, maidens for head-gear". While mothers sewed, the nimbler fingers of their daughters deftly shaped cockades and trimmed hats. Did anyone, perchance, as she bestowed a finishing touch upon a gay feather, secretly set a cap of her own for some soldier boy, whom War's approach had made for her "one in a thousand," in a sense not strictly regimental? I wonder! The girls of the High School and of the Bridgham Street School petitioned for a holiday, "in order that they might assist in the patriotic work." Alas, they were denied! Why is it that School Boards never understand?

But no one who wished to work need long be idle. When the last tunic had been made and the last hat trimmed, when trousers and shoes and belts had been sent down from Boston, when blankets and extra shirts had been provided, there remained one need, perpetual, insatiable, a need which cried continually, like the horse leech's daughter, "Give, give!", a need which yawned like the chasm in the Forum, demanding the last full measure of sacrifice,—the need of socks! So the needles were set up, and woman enlisted for the period of the war. No skirted creature was exempt. Nay, even the boys in the Reform School were set to knitting. Socks recognized no distinction of class, and spared no age; from the little girl in pigtails to the grannie in the chimney corner, the women of Rhode Island knitted, their clicking needles keeping time to the "Tramp, tramp, tramp" of marching boys. One old lady of 80, nameless, yet deserving fame, had turned out 100 pairs between Bull Run and Atlanta, when I lost count. And though now her needles lie a-rusting on the shelf, who doubts that tonight, reincarnate in some granddaughter, her "soul goes marching on," knitting two and purling two, turning out sweaters or helmets for the "boys over there"?

One thing more,—the regiment must have its colors; none but a woman's hand could meet that need. And on the 19th, the anniversary of Lexington, the women of Provi-

dence presented to the 1st Rhode Island a banner with the words, "With this banner Rhode Island places her honor in your hands." It was trust well reposed.

The next day, the 20th, they were "off for the front," not all of them, but 45 of each 100, "the best-drilled and the most experienced." The day was beautiful, and the streets were thronged with eager spectators. The picked contingents were assembled in Exchange Place. Col. Burnside, every inch a soldier and even then a general in the making, was in command. Most of us can see him only with the mind's eye, aided by what has been handed down in portrait or statue. But some there are, and some of them with us tonight, upon whose memory his knightly figure was indelibly etched, and who now, after the lapse of nearly sixty years, see, as clearly as if it were but yesterday, that superb horseman reviewing his troops as they filed past the spot where today horse and rider still stand immortalized in imperishable bronze.

The Governor and his staff were present. After the review came an address by Bishop Clark, and then the order "March!" Out through Exchange Place they swung, up North Main Street through Meeting to Benefit, and down Benefit Street to Fox Point, followed by a countless throng and cheered at every step. When they reached the wharf enthusiasm passed all bounds. "The sweet notes of the band, and the glittering array of muskets were at this moment the signal for an outburst of applause from the thousands who had lined the vessels and standing places in the vicinity of the wharf, which indicated the depth and heartiness of the controlling sentiment." As the "Empire State" which bore them drew away, "round upon round of applause, from old and young, greeted her and the living freight on her decks. The waving of handkerchiefs and the tossing of hats were but the slightest evidences of the deep feeling that pervaded the dense mass. Grief in its varied forms was there, and as the steamer gradually receded from view the moistened eyes of many a one told of the fondness of the human heart." They are going; we follow them with eyes and

voices; now they have passed beyond the reach of the loudest "Good-bye"; still over the water come "the full rich strains of Joe Greene's bugle"; now even those have died away in silence; the last farewell is spoken by the old Flag, the flag for whose honor the boys are going forth to fight. Never, I venture to think, had Old Glory seemed more glorious to those who saw it waving in the marvelous light of that April afternoon.

However much doubt might assail the hearts of others, there was one, at least, aboard that boat who counted upon a safe and speedy return, Joe Greene, the sweet bugler, the leader of the American Brass Band. Joe had not only the musical temperament, he had a soul of honor. His 22nd Annual Band Concert had been advertised and tickets sold therefor. But Joe's word was as good as his note; the very day he sailed away he informed the public through the columns of the *Journal* that if he returned from the campaign the concert would be given and the tickets would be good. Heaven recorded the vow and graciously enabled him to fulfill it.

Doubtless there were many who shared Joe's hope and belief that "the campaign" would soon be over. Even the President's first call had been for volunteers for ninety days; but days were to stretch into months, and months into years before the last of Rhode Island's boys should come back. No one probably foresaw the full duration of the war; but some, at least, more skilled in reading the signs of the times, anticipated a protracted and bitter struggle, and sounded a warning against an easy and delusive optimism. "This is no boy's play," wrote the editor of the *Journal* (April 22, 1861); "In the beginning we have great apprehension of temporary reverses; to doubt the ultimate result would be worse than to doubt the superiority of numbers and strength and resources; it would be to doubt the justice of Heaven" (April 24, 1861). "But we have just begun; we must go on; there is no halting now; there must be greater preparations; we need two more regiments, also a Home Guard; let companies be formed; let

everybody drill; don't wait for guns; drill! prepare! Stand by the President; stop grumbling and go to work! Enlist! And thank Heaven for being young and having such an opportunity of serving your country."

Such warnings and exhortations fell not upon deaf ears. Guards were formed; companies were organized; everywhere men were drilling; the contagion spread to all parts of the city and among all classes. The Old Guard of the First Light Infantry and the men of the First Ward were among the first to organize. But in a moment every ward had its Home Guard or its company of volunteers; many could boast of both. Besides there were the National Cadets, the Mechanics Guard (formed among the men at the Corliss Engine Works), the Horse Guards, the Irish American Guards.

The Brown students formed a Corps, fifty strong, under Capt. C. F. Mason; and a brave show they made in their dark blue jackets, blue trousers, and jaunty scarlet caps. But for brilliancy of plumage there were no birds as gay as the Burnside Zouaves,—"blue jacket, trimmed with orange; full red pants, gathered at the ankles; drab gaiters; blue mixed undershirt, faced with red; and white forage cap trimmed with red!" The example of sires was followed by their sons; the Union Guard, of lads from eight to fourteen, drilled and paraded under the able leadership of Capt. Nehemiah R. Knight, of equal age. Was it Capt. Knight's company, I wonder, that provoked the protest of one who signed herself, "Much annoyed Mother," against incessant drumming by half-grown boys? "Patriotism is all right," she allowed; "but waking up babies every five minutes till ten o'clock at night is all wrong!" About the same time there appeared in the paper a bit of gratuitous advice for prospective soldiers, which the "Annoyed Mother" must have read with heartfelt approvel,—"Let your beard grow and save your throat." Parenthetically and by way of contrast, one may be permitted to allude to the counsel which Dr. Patten once gave to some "soldiers of the Cross" about to set forth from Princeton Seminary for

the mission field,—"Pray without ceasing, and shave every day!"

Meanwhile, on the 24th of April, the second detachment of the regiment had left for the front, under the command of Lieut.-Col. Joseph S. Pitman. They, too, were given an enthusiastic and hearty send-off, and as if to fan their patriotism to whiter heat, were accompanied on their march to the wharf by the old flag carried by the Rhode Island Regiment of the Line in the Revolution, borne on this occasion by Major John B. Chace.

By the beginning of May the first Rhode Island, 1350 strong, had pitched their tents in Washington and settled down to a soldier's life at "Camp Sprague," so-named after the dashing young Governor who claimed the privilege of impetuous and generous youth, and followed the flag, not only to camp but into battle itself. Inasmuch as the Lieutenant-Governor, Arnold, had previously (April 8th) gone off in command of the Marine Artillery, the government of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations devolved upon the Hon. the Secretary of State.

Though as to size "Little Rhody" might be "least of all among the princes of Judah," her smallness was not of the heart. She was a "good provider," and sent her boys out well-clothed and well-stocked. She knew what her menfolks liked, and to the twenty days' rations added "other descriptions of food not ordinarily served, but the want of which would be felt by men unaccustomed to active military life." Little wonder that, to quote from a contemporary war correspondent, the regiment was "much admired for the solid appearance of its members. They evidently live after the fashion of their forefathers, who were famous for their good cheer" (*New York Express*).

And Rhode Island had every reason to feel proud of the result of good feeding, good tailoring, and good discipline. "More admired than any other regiment in Washington," said the *New York Evening Post*, of our First; in their uniform of dark blue, with a Kossuth hat, turned up at one side; and they have each a light scarlet blanket which they

wear with an inimitable grace, pinning it in the shape of a coat, with a skill unattainable to ordinary mortals." "A model to be carefully studied and faithfully copied," wrote the *New York Tribune;* "First in general esteem," said the *Journal of Commerce.* Even Boston was impressed, and acknowledged that we made an "imposing appearance" (*Boston Journal*).

The Marine Artillery, the first battery of rifled cannon ever in the service of the United States, was also the recipient of many compliments. Already the men of the First had given proof of the stuff they were made of, on the long march from Frederick to Williamsport, thirty-four miles in seventeen hours, a feat which seemed impossible even for Regulars. "We never could have done it but for Burnside; Burnside walked to encourage the men; we can go anywhere with Burnside," wrote "Canonicus," whose letters to the *Journal* were a vital link between the boys at the front and the folks back home. Where shall we find words, cries "Canonicus," to describe a "State which sends a Governor who trudges through the heat and dust like a private, a Colonel who only asks his men to fare as he does himself, and a Chaplain (Woodbury) who limits his discourses to fifteen minutes!"

The swearing-in, May 4, took place in the presence of President Lincoln; and at the conclusion of the impressive ceremony the boys gave the President "three cheers and a Narragansett!" How well Rhode Island "kept the faith," let the Government itself be witness: "When in aftertimes," wrote Secretary Seward to Governor Sprague (September 5, 1861), "it shall be asked which of the thirty-four States was most loyal and most effective in saving our country from ruin in its present peril, the State of Rhode Island will have no fear that her traditional fame will suffer in the answer that shall be given."

On the 30th of May the call came for additional troops. Rhode Island's response was characteristically prompt. A second regiment, under the command of Col. John S. Slocum, was quickly raised, the Providence Artillery,

National Cadets, City Guards, and Mechanics Rifles enlisting in a body. The citizens, as before, were unsparing in their bounty; Governor Sprague's firm gave a thousand rubber blankets; everyone contributed according to his means; the hands of loyal women again worked the colors, a silk flag and a regimental standard of blue, bearing the arms of the State. On the 19th of June, the Second left for the front, accompanied by the Governor, the Secretary of State, and Bishop Clark, and followed by prayers from countless hearts that beat fast with mingled pride and apprehension. For by this time, a month before Bull Run, it required no prophet to tell Rhode Island that something was impending.

The air was full of rumors, and the strain was becoming intense. The people hung upon the latest bulletin, and anxiously asked what might happen next. The uncertainty was well-nigh unendurable. But they had the blessed relief of work. "The heart will be stronger, if the hands are busy," wrote the editor of the *Journal*; and every fearful soul knew that he was right. And how they worked, men and women alike, but especially the women! Morning after morning they met in their churches, Grace, Beneficent, Central, First, Westminster, St. Stephen's, the old First Baptist, and all the rest (or Dr. Hall's, Dr. Swain's, Dr. Caldwell's, Dr. Waterman's, as they affectionately called them, after their Fathers in Christ). Morning after morning they met, to cut, to sew, to wind, to pack, and then to cut and sew again. Or else they knitted. There was no want of materials for work; Providence kept back nothing.

The necessity for organization was seen from the start. Within a week after the departure of the First for the front, the Rhode Island Relief Corps was formed, to assist the Hospital Staff in caring for the health of the soldiers and nursing the sick. Soon followed a Committee of Relief for the families of volunteers; and directly upon the heels of that the Ladies' Voluntary Relief Association, to provide work for dependent women, and thus reduce suffering at home while ministering to the absent soldier. The Florence

Nightingale Association, comprising women of many denominations, meeting in the Chapel of Dr. Hall's Church, made their contribution in hospital supplies, lint, bandages, little first-aid kits, and the like. The men, not to be behind in the good work, provided an ambulance, built under the direction of Surgeon Wheaton. The approach of summer called for "Havelocks," for the heat of Washington was hard on the boys from Narragansett. The brand new uniforms of April were beginning to show the effects of two months' constant wear, and little fingers, unequal to more exacting tasks, were busy making pocket pincushions, always welcome, wrote "Canonicus," but thrice welcome when stocked with needles already threaded.

And there was the regimental larder, which must be running low. There was nothing for it but to replenish it. And knowing "our boys' " appetites, nothing short of a shipload would suffice. So they loaded the "Sea Gull" to the gunwales, with things terrestrial and things celestial (500 Bibles, forsooth), things perishable and things imperishable, things digestible and, alas, things indigestible: a "mountain of cake," 40 bbls. of vegetables, 1000 lbs. of tautog, 140 bu. of clams, 3 bbls. of cider (June cider!), and to show that there were no hard feelins', a "quantity of pain-killer," amount not stated. The tautog arrived, we are told, in a "fair state of preservation;" the clams, alas, succumbed to the heat, and were reluctantly and, I suspect, irreverently consigned to the Chesapeake—shells to shells, bivalves to bivalves!

But the sound of merriment was soon to give way to that of mourning. Early in July, death first claimed the redemption of the pledge of patriotism; two privates, William Bourne and Nathan Morse, were killed by the explosion of a shell, while at gun practice. Rhode Island had laid her first dead upon the altar of the country. It was an earnest of the heavier sacrifice soon to be exacted of her on the fields of Virginia.

Scarcely had the city paid its funeral honors to the brave

young dead, when there came the news of Bull Run. It was at first announced as a "brilliant victory for the national army." For the space of a day Providence was jubilant; then the ugly truth got abroad,—the Union had suffered its first defeat! But Rhode Island had no reason to be ashamed of her part in the sorry affair. Her two regiments, united in a brigade under the command of Burnside, and her battery, had acquitted themselves splendidly. They were as steady as veterans; not a man flinched. There could be no flinching under such a leader as Burnside. His was the coolest head on that distracted field. "All that we won on that day, and all that we did not lose we owe, under God, to Col. Burnside," was the testimony of an eye-witness.

Such was Burnside, patient, firm, sympathetic, unremitting in the care of his men, ever ready to endure hardship as a fellow-soldier, equally steadfast in good fortune and ill, wearing his laurels with unfeigned modesty, resolute in adversity, free from taint of bitterness or envy, generous, magnanimous, a knight without reproach,—no wonder "his men fairly worshipped him!" It was true, as Governor Sprague upon a later occasion said, that "No man in the history of the State in so short a time had more firmly entwined himself around the hearts of our people" (August 7, 1861, at Newport, on presenting sword and thanks for the State).

The honor of Rhode Island's regiments had been dearly bought. In killed, wounded and missing the losses numbered 196. Especially the 2nd suffered heavily, losing her colonel, the gallant Slocum, Major Ballou, and Captains Tower and Smith. Among those who fell in the First none died more regretted or left a more fragrant memory than Lieut. Prescott, of whom it was written, "No man went to the war from loftier Christian and patriotic motives than he." On the Sunday following the battle, a service commemorative of the dead was held in Grace Church. The Bishop spoke in healing words of comfort and triumphing faith, and paid the tribute of honor to the "heroic Slocum,"

"the accomplished Ballou," "Prescott, the Christian soldier," and "Comstock, hardly out of his boyhood." "The State will cherish them all in her memory, as heroes of whom we shall ever be proud, and whose names we will teach our children to venerate as sacred." In the following spring the bodies of Col. Slocum, Major Ballou, and Captain Tower were brought back home and interred with full military honors. And the record of Prescott, the "good soldier of Jesus Christ" is preserved on a memorial tablet in Grace Church Chapel.

But tears of joy mingled with tears of grief on that Sunday after Bull Run. The First returned from the front, their term of service having expired. Although it was early morning when they arrived, the wharf and the adjoining streets were crowded with thousands who had come out to welcome them home. Back over the route they had traversed three months before, to the exhilarating music of never-ending cheers, they marched to Exchange Place. There they drew up in hollow square, their gallant Colonel in the centre. And the display of enthusiasm was "magnificent," says the *Journal*. But for me the picture would not be complete without one touch added by one who although then a little girl still recalls the scene as if it were but yesterday. "My Mother," said she, "took me through all those men,—and oh, but they were travel-stained and unkempt!, and lead me up to where Col. Burnside sat upon his horse, and he reached down and shook hands with me. I shall never forget it." No more would I.

Bull Run had ended in defeat. But was Rhode Island dismayed? Not for one moment! "Defeat is only an argument for new effort," wrote the editor of the *Journal*; "Our banner which has been trailing in the dust must be lifted up toward the stars . . . the ranks must be filled up . . . let us begin today. Let the Government say when and whence it wants men, and they shall be forthcoming. Let no man lisp the word 'discouragement' . . . the North is in earnest, true as steel, and tough as oak." To such a clarion call the

whole city rose in response. The great mass meeting in Market Square was such an exhibition of patriotic feeling as no man in that generation had ever before seen. The Mayor presided; among the Vice Presidents were Lieutenant-Governor Arnold, Dr. Wayland, Professor Caswell, J. C. Brown, Governor Hoppin, A. C. Barstow, R. H. Ives, James B. Angell. "One voice, one sentiment, one impulse moved the thousands gathered in council." First to speak was Thomas A. Jenckes. He was followed by President Sears, Dr. Wayland, Dr. Hall, Bishop Clark and others. The Right Reverend Bishop was stirred to his very depths. As he strode into the Forum that day, it was not with the "preparation of the Gospel of peace" that his feet were shod. "The time for leniency has passed," he shouted, "the dispensation of hemp has commenced!" The vast assembly rose to the challenge of the crisis, and with a mighty shout pledged their fortunes and their lives to preserve the nation and uphold its honor. And Rhode Island kept her word! Let a neighboring state bear witness: "If a clear head, a sound heart, and an open hand constitute greatness, Rhode Island, small in size, may be considered just now the biggest state in the Union (*Boston Transcript*).

Another regiment and another battery were promptly raised; the lists were opened for two companies of Chasseurs and a third battery; and a third regiment, the "Irish Regiment," so-called, was quickly filled. The fever was working in Rhode Island's blood. From far-off California came a flag for the Second Regiment, the filial gift of distant sons to the Mother State. All through the late summer and the fall recruiting went steadily on, and by October Rhode Island had four thousand men at the front or in Washington. And when 1861 came to a close, looking back over her year's work, she could pride herself on having raised four regiments and eight batteries for the service of the Union. Simultaneously with the raising of regular troops, proceeded the formation of new units of the Home Guard. A movement was set on foot to enrol the whole

body of male citizens into companies for military drill. About forty such companies were organized.

The women stood shoulder to shoulder with the men. The work of relief kept even pace with that of recruiting. A branch of the Sanitary Commission had recently been organized and was making an effective appeal for support and contributions. Up to the close of 1862 only five states had made larger contributions to the Sanitary Commission than Rhode Island. Early in August the Women's Volunteer Relief Association opened headquarters at 17 South Main Street, and throughout the remainder of the War their offices served as a sort of central bureau for the collection and forwarding of supplies of every nature.

Inevitably, Bull Run had affected the tone of community life; it was pitched in a lower key; it was more intense. But of downright pessimism there is little to be discovered. August was a trying month, with premature talk of "peace with the erring sisters of the South;" with misdirected, but none the less harmful, criticism of the Government; with an occasional outcropping of the evil spirit of mob violence. But Providence generally kept its head and stood fast in the conviction that all would yet be well. This was no one man's doing; it was the work of a conjuration of all good men, yea and good women. But it cost a mighty effort! The deeds wrought by the sword, immortal though they be, were as an easy triumph, when compared with the victory of those who "through *faith* subdued kingdoms and turned to flight armies." And who were these? Time would fail me to tell of them all; their name is Legion. But some there were of higher stature, some whose clearness of vision and whose power of utterance made them the guides and leaders of their fellow-men, the molders of opinion, the inspirers of great undertakings. And among these one may, without, envy, name such as Dr. Wayland, President Sears, Bishop Clark, Dr. Hall, Dr. Caldwell, Dr. Swain, Governor Hoppin, Senator Anthony, Mayor Knight, C. A.

Updike, A. C. Barstow, T. A. Jenckes, Mayor Doyle, Abraham Payne.

And there is another, one whose voice was less frequently heard on public platforms, but who wrought with powerful pen, shaping the thoughts of thousands, James B. Angell, the editor of the *Journal*. As a mighty rock in a weary land were his editorials in those early years of the War, when delay and defeat taxed patience and faith to the uttermost, when even the strong were assailed by doubt and fear. His faith was unshakable; he never despaired of the Republic; however dark the sky, he resolutely set his face toward the light. No faint-heart he, to be cowed by disaster; nor yet a shallow optimist, trusting to lucky stars. He *saw*, and therefore he believed. He saw, with the eye of a prophet, the issues involved in the struggle; and once he had seen them, he could no more doubt the final outcome than he could question the Eternal Justice. "Let us remember," he wrote in August 1861, when sickening fear lay on the hearts of thousands and men were already talking of compromise, "Let us remember that we are acting our part in an arena on which a cloud of witnesses are looking; that we are fighting not only for regulated liberty here, but for the cause of free institutions everywhere . . . let us bear in mind that millions of hearts across the water are throbbing with anxiety in our behalf, and praying that victory may rest upon our standards. Let us rise to some appreciation of the magnitude, the far-reaching results, the world-wide significance of the great struggle in which we are engaged. The victory is not to be won by men of fitful impulse, but by the men of steady and persistent courage, the men who find in defeats arguments and stimulus for new and mightier efforts" (August 26, 1861). Day after day with untiring persistence he preached this saving gospel of implicit confidence in the great cause, which could not, must not, fail, and of wholehearted support of him to whom its guardianship had been committed,—"Trust the President, stand by the Government!" His logic was invincible; his words burnt them-

selves into the mind. He struck hard, but never with malice; he could wield the lash of rebuke, but never, not once, did a single scurrilous word fall from his pen. Capable of deep feeling, for he had a poet's sensitiveness, he never allowed passion to obscure his vision nor distort his judgment. His every utterance was sane and judicious.

The influence of such an imperturbable soul was irresistible. Minds temporarily dazed by disaster recovered their poise; drooping spirits revived, and with the coming of September the town took on a more cheerful air. Bull Run was a sorry failure, but after all, they said, it was not irreparable; the blockade was a success; McClellan was "organizing victory"; the boys at the front were well and in the best of spirits (as anyone might know from the letters of "Canonicus," "Wampanoag," "Narragansett," and "What Cheer, Jr." which appeared almost daily in the *Journal*). Business was improving; several firms had contracts for army cloth; cotton was high, 20c, but the mills were still supplied; the Providence Tool Company had a contract for 25,000 muskets; Mansfield and Lamb were making bayonets; Corliss and Nightingale were making breech-loading cannon; a company had been formed to manufacture the Burnside rifle. So there was plenty of work, good prices, and general contentment.

If there were any idle hands in Providence they surely were not those of women. But two months in existence, and the Ladies Volunteer Relief Association had already collected and forwarded 12,500 garments, to say nothing of towels, socks, handkerchiefs and minor accessories; had given work to 522 needy women, and had paid out $2,000. The managers fully merited the *Journal's* praise as "ladies of large experience, excellent judgment, and warm sympathies." All through the War, with unflagging energy these devoted women carried on this beneficent work, and no statistics can give an adequate idea of the service they rendered.

The Sanitary Commission was not a whit behind in raising contributions of money and supplies for the sick and

wounded. The children, too, did their bit: the pupils at the Arnold Street Grammar School sent in forty-two comforts, seven quilts, three blankets, one pair of mittens, all their own work. From the children of the Prospect Street School came quilts; two little boys gave up their feather pillows for sick soldiers and said they "would make their bolsters do." With truth might "Canonicus" write back home, "No State surpassed, and few equalled, Rhode Island in her care of her troops."

Incidentally, those hospital boxes were not all pillows and mittens. A list of their contents reads like a grocer's inventory; every conceivable sort of food was included. And not only food. Smuggled away between blankets and bandages was many a bottle of good cheer; for these sisters of mercy bound up wounds, after the manner of the Good Samaritan, "pouring in oil and wine." And for wine they laid every growing thing under contribution,—elderberry wine, blackberry wine, strawberry wine, whortleberry wine, currant wine, grape wine, cherry wine, claret wine, Muscat wine; and for ballast, cider! Once in my life I saw a wine-card, but compared with this list, it was as a primer in comparison with a dictionary.

Toward the close of October the day of Prayer and Fasting was observed in all the Churches. The heart of the Nation was heavy; for again, at Manassas, its arms had suffered defeat. Instinctively it turned to the God of its Fathers, and in repentance and supplication found strength and peace. But it was hard, waiting for victory. The war-news was far from encouraging. McClellan's army was inactive. Burnside's Roanoke expedition, although ultimately successful, met with many delays and accidents, and they had counted upon Burnside and his Rhode Island regiments. Christmas passed, not without its Christmas boxes to the boys at the front, and the New Year entered, and still no victory. At last, about the middle of February, came the cheering news of the fall of Fort Donelson, and the heart of the North revived. The *Journal* hailed it as "the decisive battle in the West," and the joy of the city found

vent in salutes, the ringing of bells and illuminations. The chimes of Grace Church knew only patriotic tunes that night, "Hail Columbia," "Yankee Doodle," "America," the "Old Bristol March," and the "Marseillaise," the battle hymn of democracy the world over.

(*To be concluded*)

New Publications of Rhode Island Interest

Le Service de Santé Francais Pendant la Guerre d'Independance des Etats Unis, by Maurice Bouvet, published at Paris in 1934, is a monograph of 111 pages containing many references to the French military and naval hospitals in Rhode Island.

History and Genealogy of the Lapham, Wells, Storle (and) *Johnson Families* by Olene Lapham, 1934, is a privately printed pamphlet of 29 pages, which contains some Rhode Island genealogy.

The Gibbs Family of Rhode Island by George Gibbs, New York, 1933, is a beautiful privately printed volume of 193 pages with twenty illustrations.

Reminiscences of East Greenwich by Henry E. Turner, an address delivered in 1891, has been recently republished by the East Greenwich Free Library as a pamphlet of 32 pages.

Notes

Miss Marguerite Appleton has been elected to membership in the Society.

Important Roger Williams' Letter

The letter of Roger Williams, which was recently purchased by Mr. Frederick S. Peck of Barrington, does not appear to have been printed in full before, but extracts from it were printed in Backus' "History of the Baptists", in the Narragansett Club Publications, in the Catalogue of the Terry sale, and elsewhere. Through the kindness of Mr. Peck we are printing this letter in full.

An Answer to a scandalous papr wch came to my hand from the Massachusets clamouring agst the purchase & slandering the purchases of Qunnunnagut Iland, & subscribed by John Easton.

The good providence of the God of Truth seemes to call me to discover the Truth of proceedings touching this Iland: partly as it hath pleased his Mercy to use me as an Instrumt, betweene the English of Rode Iland & the Natives about Rode Iland, Qunnunnagut & from the beginning partly, as I have bene calld out by Letters from the Massachuset & from Rode Iland, as allso by Importunities from the Natives to travell in this busines: partly, as it concernes me (in many respects) some thing more then every one, to endeavour the peace & Libertie of the Colony within it selfe, & betweene this Colony & the other Colonies & the Barbarians round about us. And lastly, this Fierbrand having bene sent about the Countrey, & even to the Gover hand of the Massachuset, & from his to mine, I judge it my dutie not to be unwilling to put to this seasonable hand to quench it.

I shall first premise a word to the purchase of Rode Iland with the Grasse of Qunnunnagut &c with wch this papr begins

I have acknowledged (& have & shall Endeavor to maintaine) the Rights & proprieties of every Inhabitant of Rode Iland in peace. Yet since there is so much sound & noyes of purchase & purchasers; I judge it not unseasonable to declare the Rise & bottome of the planting of Rode Iland in the fountaine of it. It was not price nor Money tht could have purchased Rode Iland. Rode Iland was obtained by Love: by tht Love & Favour wch that honble Gentleman Sr Hen. Vane and my selfe had with tht great Sachim Miantunnomu about the Leauge, wch I procurd betweene the Massachuset English &c. & the Narrigansets in the Pequt War.

It is true, I advised a Gratuitie to be presented to the Sachim & the Natives And because Mr. Coddington, & the rest of my Lo: Countrimen were to inhabite the place, & to be at the charge of the Gratuitie I drew up a writing in Mr. Coddingtons name, & the names of such of my Lo: Countrimen as came up with him, & put it into as sure a Forme as I could at tht time (amongst the Indians) for the Benefite & Assurance of the present & future Inhabitants of the Iland.

This I mention tht as tht truely noble Sr Hen. Vane hath bene so great an Instrumt in the hand of God for the procuring of this Iland from the Barbarians as allso for the procuring & confirming of the charter So it may by all due & thanckfull acknowledgmt be remembred & recorded of us & ours, wch reape & enjoy the Sweete fruits of so great Benefites & such unheard of Liberties amongst us.

Againe, a word (in generall) as to this Iland of Qunnunnagut, the truth is, tht at my Earnest motion, tht great Sachim (aforesaid) gave us leave to cut the grasse of Qunnunnagut, & of other Ilands (some excepted in wch Mr. Wintrop & my selfe had interest). And it is allso true, tht these two present dissenting Sachims (with whom John Easton joynes) & their Father deceased, have long & most barbarously abused the Inhabiants of

Rode Iland, about the cutting of Grasse on Qunnunnagut, driving them (for their peace sake) to hire & pay for at extreame rates, their owne Grasse, wch the former Great Sachim most freely granted to us. In wch respect (to end the barbarous Controversie & wrong) as allso to further & advance tht great End of planting & subduing this barbarous Countrey to English Industrie & Civilitie. I have longed for & rejoice in the purchase of this Iland: And tht rather because, as it lyeth in the bosome of the Colony & so convenient for Rode Iland: So it pleased the right honble the Councell of State, by Authoritie of Parliamt, to nominate this Iland in one of their particular expresses relating to us.

Now as to the charges in this false paper agst the Purchasers (who are the greatest part of all the chiefe Inhabitants of Rode Iland both Magistrates & others) this fowle mouth clamors, tht they are false & prfidious, & (in effect) cheaters, Drunckards, Murtherers &c.

First, false & prfidious, because being appointed by the Towne of Newport to Purchase it for the Towne, they Purchased it for themselves.

I answer: questionly if this had bene the case, it had bene a prfidious Act: but this is not the case, it is either ignorantly or enviously mistaken, & so represented ugly: I have observed & examined this busines to the bottome, & I find not, but tht as to (the substance of) the proceedings of the purchasers, they have not only bene just & righteous, but allso deliberate & prudent, & (in a manner) unavoidable & necessary.

For the truth is, this busines of Qunnannagut was intangled & clogd with many thornie Controveries & extreame difficulties. the English at Newport have bene at Long & Constant Contention with these 2 Young Sachims & their Father, about the cutting the Grasse on Qunnunnagut. And it is the wonderfull mercy of God tht the English & Pagan bloud hath not bene yearely mixt togeather about this matter: In So much tht Such of the

Inhabitants as had Interest in these Medowes were forced to petition the Towne, of Newport, in their Towne meeting; either to stand by them (tht is by force of Armes) in the cutting of their Medowes, or else to give them leave to make a New Purchase themselves.

The Towne of Newport wrote to me about this matter & allso to chose out a Committee of Six men to Endeavor a New Purchase.

Now allso, the English were at Controversie amongst themselves about a New Purchase: Newport and Portsmouth could not agree about it. Nor the Towne of Newport within it selfe: And those very Commrs appointed to make the Purchase could not agree in whose name the Purchase should be made, whether in the Towne of Newports name, or in the name of all the Inhabitants of Rode Iland; & there fore were glad to pitch upon a third tearme Viz: tht they would Purchase it [For common good.]

Lastly the very Acts & Orders of the Towne of Newport were at Controversie & devided one agst another about this matter. By one Act six men were chosen to make a purchase. Endeavors were used, & moneys laid out. But within a few months a crosse Act was procurd by some Viz: tht they should stand to their former purchase, & not proceede in any further purchase: By wch Act the former Commrs were deserted & befoold & their monies & charges Laid out never accounted. The dore was still left open to Continuall Contention & hazard of Bloudshed (about the Medowes) betweene the English & the Barbarians And a New dore of Temptacion opened for any other (English or foreigners) to make a purchase (of wch very thing there was not a vaine report then abroad extant.) Now let all impartiall & sober minded judge, what obligation Lay upon the 6 men appointed (as the paper Simply Speaks) to make the purchase? what prfidiousnes appeares in any of them, if after their being shamefully turnd out of their Trust & Ap-

pointmt wch they had sollemnly with subscription undertaken & (their time & charges never accounted for to them) faithfully discharged: And after the Townes declaration tht they would make no purchase: And the Iland was in hazard & like to be bought by others: I say what prfidiousnes appeares in any of them, if (about 2 years after all the former Agitations) a Select & resolved Company of Voluntiers out of all the Iland, Portsmouth & Newport, breake through all Difficulties & resolve (for their own & the publike good, both of Iland & Colony) to goe thorough with the Worck? Yea I querie whether if these purchasers (so fowlely represented by the slanderour as prfidious fellowes &c) had not stept forth with so timely a Resolution & vigour for their owne & the publike good: whether they could have wiped out the Blot & Imputation of being false & perfidious to themselves & the whole Iland?

But alas, how easie & common is it for arrant whores to cry whore first? For (if this be John Eastons pen or subscribing), how is it tht in the beginning of this papr he playes the Attorney for the right of all the Inhabitants of Rode Iland, & yet in his second thoughts & Lines of the same papr he once & againe bloteth out all Portsmouth & snatcheth all to his owne Towne of Newport, for wch prfidious dealing (from his owne pen apparent) I presume tht no honest man of Newport will give him thancks:

Again this prfidious paper acknowledgeth tht we live by Lawes, & Saith (wch is a mistake) tht the Narrigansets have bound themselves to our Lawes, in Controversies between us & them And, though he knowes tht the very principles & Consciences of ye Massachusets & the other Colonies, destroy our Liberties & teare up our very Foundacion & Constitution. And though he knowes tht his Highnes the Lo: Protector his Courts are open amongst us, & tht neither himselfe nor any tht I know of hath made complaint, or commenced any Suit agst

any of the purchasers: yet hath he most prfidiously joyned with these bruitish pagans (who have dealt so long so basely with Rode Iland about their Medowes) to hinder the bringing of this Iland from paganisme to Civilitie; yea & allso to bring in all the other Colonies (& especially the Massachusetts on us, from whence so many are expressly or (in effect) expelld & banished. He knowes what numbers in every Towne of the Colony are obnoxious & liable to the prisons & whips & Halters of the Massachusets (for their Religion sake) even his owne Father as much as any: what gracious Spirit then (either of Anger, Envy or Revenge) is this child of, who can subscribe & joyne with the very Pagans to bring in an Inundation of Calamitie upon us, yea & to hazard the very hanging of his owne Father?

Another charge is tht they made this purchase of Druncken Sachims tht they sold them Liquors wch made them drunck &c.

I answer: First his distinction of Druncken & Sober honest Sachims, is both Lamentable & ridiculous: Lamentable tht all the Pagans are So given to Drunckennes. It is ridiculous allso tht these two dissenting Sachims should be estemmd such Sober honest men. When (besides the Long experience of their owne & their Fathers honestie about the Meadowes) it is notoriously knowne what conscience all Pagans make of Lying, Stealing, Whoring, Murthering &c. And as for Drunckennes allso, they will not Say themselves (especially the youngest of the two) but tht it is their frequent & delightfull practice.

But as to the imputation of making them drunck (I suppose he hath some other meaning then tht childish Fancie tht the Liquors made the Indians drunck) I ans: I have examined these particulars following & I find upon unquestionable Testimonie tht the Sachims when they went to the Iland to treat were sober: that when they treated they were sober (& all meanes of their Distemp purposely kept from them) When they contracted &

concluded they were Sober: When they receaved paymts they were Sober: they have bene allso sober when in their most publike Sollemne meetings they have sollemly declared to all Natives their Sale of the Iland & their Resolution to maintaine their Act.

And if the Natives had Liquor & were distempered before or after, what is tht to the invalidating or aspersing of a Busines? If so, what contracts, what purchases among Merchants or others in this Countery, or any Countery shall stand & be effectuall?

Lastly the purchasers are Said to countenance the druncken Sachims to cheating the honest Sachims & the Inhabitants & to kill them &c.

I answer as there have bene many of these Indian princes & their Lords bene satisfied (besides those two first Sachims who sold & had unquestionable Right to Sell:) So have there bene many large proffers tendred to these two young dissenting Sachims from first to last. But as they inherite their Fathers Basenes about ye Meadowes, So doe they inherite his Barbarous Spirit, as to Bargaines with the English. He (& the elder of these) being rich in peag have made demaunds like themselves. He for some other Lands, & these for this Iland, Viz. That we should furnish them with poyson to dispatch Onkas: that we should constantly send the English Souldiers with theirs agst Onkas; that we should constantly send up contribucion to their Niccommoes or Devilish Feasts: On these & other such abominable Tearmes they have offred to consent & tht without any other paymt:

Lastly it is well knowne tht these two young Sachims would not stirr (for the other Sachims maintaine their Sale, by their owne Constant practice & Customes) did not the Subscriber or some other mould or sharpen them to a mischiefe.

But the true God is a Righteous Judge & his Justice shines in two or three particulars about this Iland First the

obstructors of the former & Later purchasing of this Iland are like to have little share in it.

2ndly Such as have peaceably & patiently long borne the baseness of these two Sachims & their Father about their Meadows are now like to be well supplied.

3rdly these honest & Sober Sachims who have thus propagated their Fathers wickednes toward the English are like to be cut shore of their Fair proffers wch hietherto Pride & Folly have refused.

By this time, I hope I have (in some measure) stopt the mouth & shewd the weakenes & wickednes, of these Outragious clamors: But (as before) I add Since the Subscriber mencions his Highnes the Lo: Prot: tht if any Law he broke or wrong done, no man amongst us, but in his Highnes Courts of Justice in the Colony is responsable & liable to an Equall Triall. But if the Subscriber had in truth owned his Highnes Authoritie over us, or had respected the Colonies peace & Liberties: this naked Indian Bastard had never thus bene sent to bawle over the Countrey (to the shame of its barbarous Nakednes) Nor had bene thus whipt & sent home to its owne Father by

Providence 25.6 1659 (so called)

A Cordial friend to this Colony & all the English Colonies R. W.

Correction

In line 19 of page 54 of volume 27 of the COLLECTIONS, please read *Pearce* instead of *Pierce*.

Address Delivered at the Opening of the South County Museum at Wickford on June 2, 1934

By William Davis Miller

Your Excellency, Mr. President, Officers, Members and Friends of the South County Museum, truly can I say that never before have I been able, with such sincerity, to express the honor and the pleasure which I feel for having been afforded this opportunity. For by the conception and the execution of the idea "to encourage the study and better understanding of early American life and industry in the home, in the shop, on the farm and on the sea; and especially to discover, identify, classify, preserve and exhibit the tools, implements, utensils, instruments, vehicles, appliances and mechanical devices used . . ." the founders of this South County Museum have filled in a gap in the historical record of this, our State, that was sadly needed although long appreciated by students of the colonial and early federal days, appreciated but never until now remedied. Therefore, we who did not act are the more eager to applaud those who have.

It would appear to be an abiding trait of man that the majority will ever seek to preserve that which is considered the finest and richest evidences of the years that have past. It is a laudable trait if not carried to extremes but is very liable to lead to a habit of relegating the humble but necessary examples of the labors of our forefathers to those dark and dusty corners under the eaves where they remain in perennial jeopardy of the awful domestic rite . . . Spring Cleaning. By the same token when a craftsman is considered, we are wont to think first of his finished work, then if he has achieved success, in a lesser degree of the man himself but practically not at all of the tools he used and the method and craft employed.

The museums and the historical societies in general, because of this and also because of the habitual penury which such institutions suffer, can not round out their collections, despite the realizations and desires of an antiquarian curator who understands the unevenness of the collection under his charge but whose hands are bound by lack of space and funds . . . and often by the ambitious and competitive impulses of his board of trustees.

Now you gentlemen have come forward and remedied this

serious defect of balance, not only in this glorious old Narragansett Country but for and to the benefit of the whole State, you have set up a collection that is, and will ever be, an invaluable supplement to the fine museums of which Rhode Island is so justly proud. And you have chosen well the situation for your work, for the Narragansett Country, the King's Province, the King's County, Washington County, the South County . . . to give it all its names throughout the ages . . . is the most suitable, the most typical, the most comprehensive of all the counties in the State for the location of a museum of this sort, a museum of the home, the shop, the farm and the sea. A county of great farms from the latter half of the seventeenth century . . . this barn stands on land included in the great Smith . . . later Updike . . . estate, estimated at one time to contain over three thousand acres . . . great farms of rich lands and of richer avails in horses, cattle, sheep, dairy products and grains. So great was the potential value of this district in the eyes of the early colonists that for a long time it was a veritable Tom Tidler's Ground, the cause and scene of a long and bitter struggle to wrest this Narragansett Country from the jurisdiction of the stubborn little Colony of Rhode Island whose jealous protection, however, at last overcame the covetous designs and hostile acts of her neighbors and resident advocates.

On these broad acres lived the families of the Narragansett Planters, who created for themselves a frankly autocratic community, but being influenced, doubtlessly, by the climate and the beauties of this countryside, and certainly unhampered by restrictions enforced by a theocratic power, this autocracy was mellowed by a geniality and warmth unknown in the cold and more rarified atmosphere of the nearby colonies.

In those early days, and until adverse economic restrictions, which led to the Revolution, broke up the majority of their estates, the whole of the South County benefited by the presence of these landholders. Their prosperity was reflected throughout the country-side and as they prospered so did the shop-keeper, the craftsmen, the miller and the shipwright. The best evidence of this is found in the fact that this community was able to support such silversmiths of merit as Samuel Casey, John Waite and Nathaniel Helme, whose craft was entirely dependent upon proximity to wealth and was therefore one rarely found at such a distance from rich towns and cities. Again the Planters must needs find outlets for their produce, and as in those days commerce was almost entirely seaborn, it was natural, despite the considerable use made by the Planters of the port of Newport, that not only docks but also shipyards were numerous along the bayside. Therefore because of this wealth benefiting the farms,

the villages, in fact the whole county, we can well consider that the old South County had within its confines all the different aspects of life and trade of the Colonial days and upon an unusually generous scale. This latter remark may be further emphasized by considering the amounts levied by the Colonial Government upon the several townships. For a number of years the greatest amount is found against Newport, with South Kingstown second and Providence third.

And if all this leaves some Doubting Thomas to be convinced, let him examine the inventories, those documentary proofs of the life, work and wealth of the families of the South County. All their belongings; their home, household goods, tools and implements, cattle and poultry, rarely their dogs (and never their cats), are all carefully recorded and from these lists we see what manner of men they were and what their occupation. These inventories not only serve as a veritable guide to the formation of a collection such as this, but also provide a means of identification of unfamiliar items.

Of a certainty much so listed has suffered through the passage of years and the various forms of destruction caused by carelessness, neglect and abuse, but we can still hope to find a cheese vat similar to those in the cheese house of Robert Hazard which were reputed to have a capacity of one bushel, and that was Hazard's second size at that! Of course if we should come across the "old tobacco knife and pair of tobacco tongues" which belonged to George Babcock they should at once be taken to the Gilbert Stuart snuff mill, but we would not part with such a flax seed press as the one used by Samuel Wilson, in moments of abandon, to stamp out counterfeit Spanish Milled Dollars upon blanks of base metal made, and willingly supplied, by that master craftsman, albeit rogue, Samuel Casey. This museum ought to have at least one of Rowland Robinson's twelve trenchers and for exhibition purposes, save on high days and holidays, all five of George Hazard's punch bowls. I wonder if his canoe was a dugout, I believe that it was, and I would be interested in some tools of the shipwrights who built the "Sloop South Kingstown . . . Burthen about 100 Tons . . . having been out on a trading Voyage in her return home from . . . a French settlement in Hispaniola . . . was attacked, seized and taken on 18th of March 1741 . . . " We know she was built in South Kingstown and possibly in Hazard's yards at Watson's Pier on Boston Neck.

Now there is another important feature and duty of the South County Museum . . . the preservation of antiquities. You have certainly succeeded in arousing the interest of not only the South County but of the whole State, and the maintenance of this enthusiasm by you will be the means of the preservation of an

untold number of valuable and interesting examples of tools, implements and house-hold gear. Ignorance, which is oftentimes simply interest not aroused, has been responsible for the loss of more evidences of the past than fire and water. The attic, woodshed and the barn loft have probably received more antiques than the museums, received them to be the food for animals and vermin and then to suffer total destruction in the rubbish heap. This is still going on, and can only be stopped by interesting people in the possible historical value of even the most seeming trifle; and by further providing a place for its reception, which you have done.

Therefore, maintain the interest and the knowledge which you have aroused, so that when that terrible aftermath of the sulphur and molasses season is next upon the land, when the broom is dampened and everything is moved out, and put back again, all scrubbed, polished and tidied up; when forgotten things make their unexpected appearance, to be either tucked away once more or ruthlessly thrown out; the householder will pause in the midst of his or her labor and think "Now is this queer looking old contraption any good to the South County Museum" and will there upon bring it here to find out. And my advice to you is to take it and encourage the giver; and you will find much fine metal in the occasional dross.

So once more I wish to offer congratulations to the founders, especially to Mr. Lownes whose modesty can not be allowed to belittle the great tribute due to him. In the establishment of this museum you have created for yourselves, and for those who will surely follow you, a responsibility which you must not shirk. You owe to the future fulfilment of the promise you have made. You will have loyal support; and in the hard work ahead, as in the hard work which you have completed, there will be a just sense of satisfaction . . . and there will be fun.

Form of Legacy

"I give and bequeath to the Rhode Island Historical Society the sum of ..... dollars."

Roger Williams Press E. A. Johnson Co.

PROVIDENCE